

BUCKS COUNTY

December, 1948

Volume 2 No. 3



Along The Tow Path

by George Bailey

25c

For More On Bucks County
In The Fall See Page 31

*What's
Going
On*

AND WHERE TO FIND IT

ART SHOWS

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7:55 Local News
News Every Hour
9:15 Local Morning Devotions
9:50 Joan Daley
10:00 Morning Musical
10:30 Church in the Wildwood
11:30 Music of Manhattan
12:15 Sports
1:00 Luncheon with Lopez
1:30 Matinee
2:15 Fran Marlowe
2:30 Allen Roth's Symphony of
Melody
4:00 Afternoon Concert
5:15 Local News

Saturday

11:30 Sidewalk Interviews
12:30 Dick Leibert
2:00 Football

Sunday

10:15 Navy Band
12:30 Local Church Service
5:30 Proudly We Hall

Bucks County

December, 1948

The Bucks County

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This Month

The magazine formerly known as
The Bucks County Informer will
from now on be known as **Bucks
County**.

Bucks County will be issued in
digest size. Its pages will number
at the minimum forty.

The type will be smaller than be-
fore but we believe you will find it

easier to read.

In the column **Bouquets and
Brickbats**, which is new this issue,
we will publish letters to the editor,
both bouquets and brickbats.

We will be interested in your re-
action to these changes.

THE EDITOR

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

There is no sense in letting the canal disappear. It is as important to Bucks county's charm as cosmetics to the ladies. And we spend a lot of money on cosmetics.

Bucks county's charm has a lot to do with the value of the land.

Sincerely,

William Francis Taylor.

BUCKS COUNTY FORUM

As a reward for fifteen years or more of having my name connected with the effort to preserve the beauty (and the value) of the Delaware Valley, I am constantly asked this question: "What is happening to the Delaware Canal?"

The question and the answer will both live on and on for many more years unless the promises of fifteen years soon, or eventually, are made good.

Today it is too late to simply maintain the canal. It is a restoration job.

A few more years of promises, with no performance, and there will (Continued on Page 5.)

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BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

be little left as a basis for restoration.

After fifteen and more years of attending meetings—of being an officer and the "goat" of civic organizations I am convinced that we need some new technique.

A discussion on the radio every week, or month at least, of county affairs, contributed to by representatives of all organizations, could focus our attention and secure a public support.

The Bucks County Forum or Discussion Group meeting could be recorded or reported in a publication, **Bucks County**, for instance, so that whatever constructive thought, program or information expressed would be available for further study and application.

The radio could reach the thousands who are "with" the various civic groups in their good endeavors but who are too busy or lazy to attend meetings in person.

Inertia is the "Bug" or "Gremlin" of the preservation of beauty and value of the canal.

We will be most interested to learn of your reaction to Mr. Taylor's suggestion.

Let us know through your own column, **Bouquets and Brickbats**.

(The Editor)

George W. Bailey

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Next Month

Have you ever heard of picture weaving? Next month we are going to have an article on **Picture Weaving** by Greye La Spina, who, through many experiments has come upon a technique of making pictures on looms rather than easels, with wool rather than oils.

And since the next issue will be our Christmas edition, we are going to have a Christmas story for you. The story of a little girl who believed, and what happened because of that faith. This is a story to be read aloud on Christmas Eve. Children of all ages will enjoy it!

Guy Dumgete, who wrote the excellent travel article in this issue on **Bucks County in the Fall**, will take over the **Step Up and Meet** department in December to bring us the story of George Nakashima and his experimental house.

Charlotte Stryker Pervy will take us **Museum Rambling** again, this time in the farming section of the Bucks County Historical Society Museum. This article will make the fourth in this very interesting

series on what is available at the Museum in Doylestown.

We also expect to run Fred Walker's amusing short-short called **Elephant In Arkansas**, or what happens when the biggest executive on the earth decides to merge with the biggest executive in Mars. Do not miss it.

Under New Books we expect to review William Faulkner's latest book, **Intruder In the Dust**. We plan also to run a list of books for Christmas gift-giving.

The radio column **In the Air** will tell you some of the programs that WBUX is planning for the Christmas season and when you may hear them.

Have you heard about the fashion shows that are being held at Tow Path House in New Hope? Florence Walker will write an article on these unique shows in our issue next month. H. D. Melford, who was court photographer to the Royal family in Holland, has taken the fashion shots that will accompany the article.

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The Compact

by

AL AUSTIN

Mr. Deale sneezed convulsively, shaking the berth.

"Bless you," said Mrs. Deale—automatically, for she had said it many times in the last few hours.

Fascinated, she continued to look out the Pullman window, while the train ate up the tracks as if they were two endless strings of spaghetti. The train was crossing the Ohio River, leaving Pennsylvania—with its egg yolk blanket of goldenrod—to slip away into the past, to become a memory.

It was strange that anything as beautiful as the maize-haired "Lady Goldenrod" could be the perpetrator of such misery for her husband. She, herself, was not susceptible to hay-fever, but poor Bob suffered untold agonies from it. For him, goldenrod was a merciless, pollen-scattering witch.

Witchery—that's what it was! For scarcely had the last car of the train shaken the golden dust from its spinning heels when deep sleep descended upon Bob, giving him peace.

Thus left alone, Mrs. Deale fell into reflective, undirected thinking. Her thoughts flowed effortlessly, unattached, almost as though she were watching a movie of someone else's past . . .

As a young girl, she had dreamed that some day a handsome prince would come and rescue her from her besieged palace. A prince dressed in fine satins and silks, with a brilliant red and gold cape about his shoulders. A prince riding a fierce white charger.

Instead, the prince who had actually come had worn mud-green khaki, with a pair of silver wings over his left breast. Still, she had not found the reality hard to accept—because Bob was really a prince in many ways.

It seemed only yesterday that she had strolled along the Strand, oblivious of the war-gutted buildings that had once held happily little households.

She danced along in the morning sunlight. For it was one of those rare, sunny English days that rejuvenate even the aged—and it was also her eighteenth birthday. Delightedly, almost brazenly, she carried the new compact in her hand for all the world to see.

Mimicing the finely dressed street walkers of Piccadilly, she stopped to preen in her little mirror. She held the onyx and gold compact high, and gazed intently at her pale reflection. Two gray-blue eyes, swimming in happiness, stared back at

her.

Abruptly, a fleeting green blurr passed over her vision. Her hand jerked in spasmodic recoil. Too late! The tinkle of shattered glass greeted her ears, and at her feet lay the smashed compact.

Through half-tears of anger and sorrow, she saw a broad shoulder, topped with crisp curly hair, sweep the glittering fragments into an immaculate white handkerchief. Then the shoulder grew a long muscular body. The brown hair developed a thin, lined face. Brown eyes, filled with a dejected misery, appeared.

In spite of her aching heart, she could not surpress a nervous snicker. Three years of war had taught the naturally nervous girl that intense courage and instant laughter were the surest antidotes for mishap. The sound of her infectious laughter eased the tension and set Bob's mind toward making amends.

Two months later, she received a package from the United States. It contained the most beautiful yellow-gold compact that she had ever beheld. Inside the case was a letter from Kay Deale, explaining how her brother had written about his clumsy accident and had instructed Kay to send the compact.

The letter was written in such friendly terms that she sat down and answered it immediately. She also wrote a thank-you note, which she asked Kay to forward to Bob. Letters traveled back and forth across the ocean, and her friendship with the American girl strengthened.

Ten months later, she received her first letter from Bob. A long letter wishing her a happy birthday—and expressing all the things Bob had been unable to say a year ago. She made the discovery that not all Americans were alike.

* * *

At ten o'clock, Mrs. Deale pulled down the shade of the Pullman window, shutting out the whirling night. Momentarily, she turned on the reading light and glanced at her sleeping husband. Then she blew a kiss to the bunch of violets, which she had wrapped in wet paper and placed on the window sill. Heaven alone knew where Bob had bought them, but bought them he had—because it was her birthday.

Turning off the light, she snuggled against Bob's warm body, and, nodding as if to a silent thought, she dropped into a welcomed sleep.

Bob, at eleven-thirty, was awake. His body, exhausted from hours of wheezing and sneezing, hurt as if there were rocks in the berth. Subconsciously he thought: "I must be getting old." No matter how he twisted or turned, the sharp edges of pain entered his consciousness.

Full realization rammed the truth home: they were not rocks—they were cinders. A breath of hot air brushed the last strands of cobwebs from his mind. He was lying along the cinder-bed of the railroad track. Beside him lay the twisted, coffin-like bulk of the Pullman.

Slowly, stiffly, he stood up. All about in the darkness lay shadowy figures, moaning like a discordant

symphony.

He remembered now. His thoughts were crystal-clear. They were on their "honeymoon," as they called it. Every five years for the past forty-five, they had gone to her home in England, and on their return trip had relived the ecstasy of their first honeymoon.

Far down the track, where the engine lay like a dying hippopotamus, a firefly danced. It grew—until Mr. Deale saw that it was a porter's flashlight.

Without realizing it, Mr. Deale broke into a run, shouting, "Porter! Porter! Here, boy, with your light!"

Keeping the fear and horror from his voice, the porter answered quietly, "Yes, sir?"

"My wife," sobbed the old man, "she's missing."

The porter swept the surrounding area with his flash, but he found no one. The old man snatched the light and ran down the track. The porter ran after him to recover the flashlight. But the older man ran like one possessed.

Two cars down, Mr. Deale climbed upon an overturned Pullman. Stopping for only a split second at each window, he covered half the length of the car. Then he stood transfixed, staring dumbly at what his light had found.

"Darling—" he cried. With a low moan he slumped down beside the broken window.

The porter, upon reaching Mr. Deale, saw that a doctor was useless. Gently, almost reverently, he

THE COMPACT

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THE COMPACT

A glint of reflected light caught his eye. Swinging the beam of his flash about in the depths of the car, he saw a yellow-gold compact, split oysterwise—its shattered mirror spluttering myriad rays of light like a Summer's sunburst.

OUT OF DUST AND WATER

by

PHILIP BOLLIER

Have you seen the banyan tree and
the lotus flower?

(Flow swiftly and cleanse me, O
Ganges, O Mother)

Have you seen the light of the life
which has shown us the way?

(Flow softly, O Ganges till I end
song)

Have you seen the Buddha in jas-
mined bower

Turned inward ever on the Golden
way

(Flow fiercely, O Ganges and cleanse
my sins)

Look on the fire which burns on the
mountain

(O Kali, O Mother lead me not to
the flame)

Look on the blood which burns in
the fountain

Look on the bones which bare the
way

(O Krishna, O Brother wash sweet
my shame)

Look on the desert land from which
flows the dead river

Look on the hill where the crooked
tree stands

(O guide me O Allah and Mahamid
your prophet)

(O shrieve me O Peter and John
and Saint Paul)

Look at the three eyes of the six-
armed life-giver

Look at the shores of the dry
wasteland

Look O my brothers and then let
us pray

(Flow sweetly O Ganges until dark-
ness will fall)

(Flow softly O River until I end my
song)

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Museum Ramblings

by

CHARLOTTE STRYKER PERVY

Hoops & Hair Do's

Most of our ideas about the costumes of the colonial period are derived from the clothing that we see in paintings and portraits.

Seeing the portraits of these fine ladies we wonder how they could have worn such cumbersome and elaborate costumes all of the time.

We are all familiar with these costumes; the silk or satin gowns with tight bodice and full skirt, low-cut neck, and full sleeves edged with lace and trimmed with ribbons; the hair piled high, curled and powdered.

A modern woman may have her portrait painted in a white satin evening gown but we know that she does not wear this dress everyday around the house.

No more did the average colonial woman wear her silks and satins everyday, or spend an hour or two having her hair dressed. Considerations of time, convenience and economy weighed with her just as they do with you or me.

The rich clothing which we see in portraits were "best clothes" which were worn, even by the very rich, only on special occasions. Many of those who were well-to-do had only

one such costume and had only one of them in a lifetime.

A woman would be given a silk gown at her marriage; she would wear it for the rest of her life. She might even leave it to her daughter as an heirloom.

In old wills we frequently find bequests of articles of clothing. The colonial period was much less prosperous than our own. A good dress or suit was considered to be a very valuable possession.

Those interested in seeing what people used to wear should go to the Museum of the Bucks County Historical Society. Most of the garments which are displayed there date from the nineteenth century but they give us an idea of what the earlier types of clothing were like.

Wool and linen were most commonly used, as cotton, before the 1800's, was a rare and expensive article imported from India. The introduction of cheap and plentiful cotton wrought a revolution in dress.

Good linen has always been, as it is today, expensive. Coarse linen fibers as well as the fiber of hemp and jute were used for crude textiles; this was the tow that we use today for tow sacks. Tow mixed

with wool made linsey-woolsey which was the everyday wear of most people.

The average colonial woman wore a skirt of linsey woolsey which was not long enough to trail on the ground but which was probably ankle-length or shorter.

Under her skirt she wore a shift; this was a petticoat with a rather high neck and sleeves. The upper part of the shift formed a shirt or blouse.

The word "dress" did not mean a woman's garment but referred to costume in general. We read, for instance of "a gentleman in a rich dress" which means that his cloth-

ing, as a whole was fine and elaborate.

A woman's gown was different from her everyday skirt and shirt. It consisted of a skirt with a bodice, a hoop being worn under the skirt. The hoop went out of style in about 1800 when the high-waisted, slim-skirted Empire or classic style dress came in.

About 1830 women's skirts again began to grow full. During this period more and more petticoats were added. Sometimes instead of many petticoats only one or two quilted ones were used. If this did not bring about the desired effect, horse hair padding was used or a



Clothing 100 Years Ago

MUSEUM RAMBLINGS

sort of cork-padded peplum which was called a 'cue de Paris.' Just before the Civil War, Empress Eugenie re-introduced the hoop skirt. Let us hope that the new look will be checked in time or we may find ourselves back in hoops again.

We think of the towering, powdering hair-dos as being typically colonial. Actually they were imported from France only at about the time of the Revolution. Before that the hair was put up simply in a bun on the top of the head—a style still seen on elderly ladies today.

This was the usual hair style until the middle of the 1800's when a central part and drooping side curls came into style. In colonial times women wore caps except when they were dressed for a ball or party. The cap was a sign of respectability. Grown women who did not wear them were considered to be loose.

The bonnet, of course, was the only sort of out-door headgear for a long time. When hats came in after the Civil War they were considered quite daring innovations.

There were all sorts and varieties of bonnets as we can tell by the various names—the mushmellon, the poke, the calash, and the straw bee-hive bonnet.

Sometimes a very elaborate cap took the place of the bonnet. This was called the cushion headdress and was edged with a ruffle which was called the balcony.

Watson, the delightful old Philadelphia annalist who saw fashions come and go for ninety-odd years,

recalls the colonial styles of his youth.

He says that women's dresses were cut so low that one could see the "heavings of their bosoms" and adds regretfully that now (he wrote in 1848) one seldom "sees this sight in the modern belle."

In all of the old styles with and without hoops, with or without low-cut necks, most of the person was covered up.

Perhaps our grandmothers were more clever than we are. They always had a trick or two out of sight up their sleeve.

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Clarence Carter, Photograph by Jose Alemany.

Step Up And Meet

CLARENCE CARTER

by

JEAN DA COSTA

"I Paint As I Please"

At an exhibition of 200 years of American painting, which was held at the Tate Gallery in London recently, the only contemporary picture as noted by the London *Times* was Clarence Carter's "Jane Reed and Dora Hunt." This picture, of two ghostly figures picking up coal along the railroad tracks, is owned by the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and it stands as a symbol of its author's accomplishments.

For Mr. Carter is one of the few living artists who has "made" alike the Metropolitan Museum of New York, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Museum of Modern Art. Articles about him appear in the *American Artist*, in *Esquire*, in Pittsburgh's newsmagazine, *The Bulletin Index*, in the *Latin-American Norte*. Open almost any of the national magazines and you will see half page colored reproductions of his work, advertising the products of the Upjohn Company, the American Locomotive Company, Lucky Strike, etc. He is invited each year to exhibit at the Carnegie Institute as well as at the other national and international shows. And twenty-seven of his oils and water colors hang in permanent

museum collections throughout the country.

"But—how can one man speak to so many different groups?" the layman will protest. "What is it in this painter's work that recommends him to fine arts and business on the one hand, and on the other to conservatives, middle-of-the-roads, and radicals?"

Fine art and advertising, to take two widely divergent projects of Mr. Carter's, are not in his opinion, necessarily at loggerheads. Not, that is, if the fine artist who turns to advertising remembers that he is first an artist. Just as the painters of the Renaissance worked freely under their Medici patrons, so artists of today can express their own point of view within the framework of big business. So long as an artist's patrons do not insist on superimposing their own ideas, the artist's work remains his own.

And what applies to patronage is equally true of method. Consistently through his career Mr. Carter has refused to identify himself with any one school. He has no theories because he believes that theories restrict an artist's ability to change. Because a method is new, or old, in his opinion, is no reason for avoid-



"Jane Reed and Dora Hunt"—by Clarence Carter.



"The Last Touch"—by Clarence Carter

This painting is in the Exhibition, **Painting In The United States, 1948** that is being held at the Carnegie Institute, Oct. 14 to Dec. 12.

STEP UP AND MEET CLARENCE CARTER

ing it. Conversely, it is no reason for being bound by it. To Hans Hoffman's dictum that no part of a picture may project on this side of the frame, Mr. Carter replies, "Why not?" And he sets to work to create paintings that do, a technique that he calls projectivity.

His great respect for the past recommends him to the conservatives, his independent point of view to the modern, his mastery of technique, use of symbolism, and ability to express the mysterious, poetic element in life to all the schools. The oriental quality of his "Winter Harvest," the combination of religious feeling and realism in his "Let Us Give Thanks," his concern for social issues as symbolized by the trapped miners in his "Entombment"—all suggest the range that his independent approach to art makes possible.

It is inconceivable, says Mr. Carter, that Perugino should ever have been anyone but Perugino, whatever the era or art fashion he might have happened upon. Similarly a painter of today who shows boldness of execution in working out his own ideas may be classed, as Mr. Carter has been at various times, with cubists, surrealists, neo-romanticists, realists, and even with orientals.

The Carters moved to Bucks county in 1944, thence in March of this year to Hunterdon county, New Jersey, where they bought Wanda Gag's fifty-four acre farm. From Mr. Carter's Bucks county period came many local studies, including "Winter Harvest," done from his

studio window, and "Last Touch," this year's Carnegie picture—of a massive sunflower with golden sunlight sifting through the foliage and giving it a poetic quality.

Mr. Carter exhibits locally at Phillips Mill and the Delaware Book Shop, in New York at the Ferargill and Grand Central Galleries. In October, 1947, he held a one-man show in New Hope which was followed by two retrospective one-man shows at the New York galleries. A graduate of the Cleveland School of Art, a traveler in Europe, South America, and in many parts of the United States, he has been both director of Cleveland's Federal Art Project (1938-39) and professor in the department of painting at Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh (1939-1944). This past Summer he taught the Advanced Painting Course in the Summer session of his Alma Mater, and August 25-September 10 held another one-man exhibition, his most recent, at the Suffolk Museum, Stonybrook, Long Island.

A museum painter—yes, preeminently. But Mr. Carter's pictures hang also in many distinguished private collections, among them in those of Roy Harris, Barbara Hutton, Jesse Stuart, and William M. Milliken, Director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, who gave him his start. What recommends Mr. Carter to his wide audience is the same "clearness of vision" that Mr. Milliken recognized in his student work and which in the intervening years

(Continued on Page 39.)



"Let Us Give Thanks"—by Clarence Carter.



Winter Harvest, owned by Rochester Memorial Gallery

Industries in Old Bucks

SHAD FISHING

by

BETTY LIPMAN

The early settlers on the banks of the Delaware found in the shad which filled the river so abundantly from March to June a welcomed and easily obtained addition to their diets.

In due course the thrifty valley folk also discovered that the presence of the shad meant that their river was figuratively teeming with ready cash, and that it was quite profitable to spend the Spring months scooping the fish out of the river in large seine nets to send to New York and Philadelphia markets.

At first the shad sold for only a few pennies, but by the end of the eighteenth century the price was forty cents a fish and shad fishing in the Delaware River and Chesapeake Bay became a large industry, the annual profits of which were computed in the millions of dollars.

There were five shad fisheries in the New Hope-Lambertville section of the Delaware. In 1910 the season catch of two of these concerns was 5,923 shad; in 1948 Captain William Lewis of Lambertville, N. J., who

runs the only two fisheries still operating in that area, had a total season catch of only 43 fish.

The striking disparity between the two figures illustrated all too clearly the extent of the decline of this once important industry. Rigor mortis has just about set in and one does not have to look too far to find the cause of death: by the year 1911 the effects of pollution of the waters of the Delaware from the chemical waste products of the factories situated upon its banks had become noticeable to shad fishermen.

After 1920, the last big year of New Hope-Lambertville fisheries, it was not at all unusual to see oxygen starved shad swimming frenzied circles or leaping out of the water in an attempt to prevent asphyxiation. And year after year there were fewer and fewer shad.

Malta, Holcombe, Birch Island—the names of some of the fisheries sound strange upon our lips. To a few they still conjure up scenes and smells of the old days, but to many they are unfamiliar. The days when shad fishing was import-



Hauling in the Net.

ant to Bucks county seem to be very far back in the past tense.

The shad fishery was a tract of land bordering the river on which usually stood a "fish house" with sleeping accommodations for the crew. For a small fee and the posting of a five hundred dollar bond, owners or leasees of these tracts could obtain licenses from the State to operate as fisheries.

The license stated the limits of the fishery, the dates between which fishing was legal, and certain restrictions which included such things as throwing back all game fish, and not fishing on Sundays before midnight. The bond was to insure responsibility on the part of the owners in

observing the terms of the license.

The season officially began on the first of March, when the shad started coming from the ocean up the rivers to spawn, and ended on the tenth of June.

Each fishery had a crew of five or six men, one or two to handle the net ashore, and four to man the boat, which was usually a bateau or flat.

The fish were caught with a net of four hundred and fifty yards in length, each end of which was wound about a pole. One pole was held by the men on shore and the other by the men in the boat.

The crew in the boat rowed out

INDUSTRIES IN OLD BUCKS

across the channel of the river, playing out the net as they went. When the net was taut and blocked off all the fish in that section of the water, the boat circled around and trapped the fish by heading for shore.

The crew at the land end then had the difficult job of "poling the net" or bracing their strength against the pole to keep control of the net with fish now loaded.

This feat was accomplished by belting the net over the shoulder and around the waist of one of the land crew, securing the pole by placing the weight of the land crew upon it.

In this manner the catch was hauled to shore and brought up on

the bank where it was sorted and sent to the local markets or packed in ice and shipped to the cities on the evening train.

After the train had departed the men of the fishing crews either returned to their families or repaired to the fish houses where they ate, drank and made merry until the last man fell exhausted into his bunk.

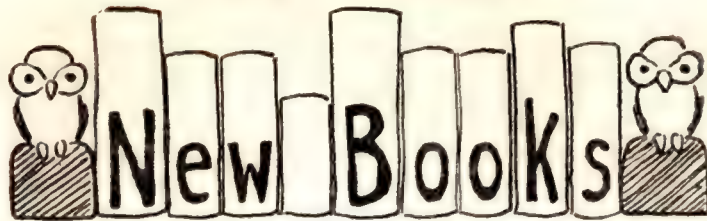
Fishing for shad meant fifteen to eighteen hours of good hard work, sometimes starting at three or four o'clock in the morning if the fish were running.

The fisheries, however, rarely had difficulty in obtaining a crew. The pay was a tenth or twelfth of the

(Continued on Page 27.)



THE HAUL



by
BERNARD IKELER

"Around the World in 80 Cliches"

Westward Ha! By S. J. Perelman. Drawings by Hirschfeld. New York: Simon and Schuster, Inc. 1948. 159 pp. \$2.95.

It must be understood at the outset that **Sweet Bye and Bye** was dead—as dead as Jacob Marley or the proverbial doornail. As a result, Ogden Nash, who had written the lyrics, had "retired to his room to hang himself with a dangling participle;" Vernon Duke, who had fathered the score, had "returned to writing singing commercials."

But Hirschfeld and Perelman, who had composed the libretto for the show, had not given way to desperation. Instead, they had groped their way to the Anguish Room of the Warwick, where they were sobbing brokenly into their coffee cups.

Fatefully, the editor of **Holiday** approached. Informed that **Sweet Bye and Bye** had "closed in Philadelphia like a ten-cent mousetrap," he inquired with some sympathy: "What are you going to do now?"

"Oh, I don't know," Perelman replied carelessly. "I may join the Foreign Legion, or, on the other

hand, I may take a hot bath."

"Why don't you take a trip around the world for us?" the editor proposed.

During the ensuing moment of silence, Perelman mused: "When a man you scarcely know suggests a trip lasting nine months and covering twenty-seven countries, you are justified in leaping to one of four assumptions: first, that he is an imposter; second, that he is hopelessly in love with your wife and will go to any lengths to get you out of the country; third, that you have blundered by mistake into an Alfred Hitchcock film; and fourth, that you have succumbed to a combination of *ennui de moyen age*, wanderlust, paranoia, and brandy."

Whatever his misgivings may have been, Perelman went—and Hirschfeld went with him. The result is **Westward Ha!**, an account of days and nights on thrashing ships, in moldering hotels, amid stifling streets, as seen through Perelman's wine-reddened eye and Hirschfeld's beard.

One emerges from **Westward Ha!** with myriad visions of the lands beyond the blue horizon. Example: "The hundreds of tiny islands studding the azure waters of the Gulf of Siam seemed to sparkle like hund-

NEW BOOKS

reds of tiny islands studding the Gulf of Siam." One puts down the book with a philosophical smile anent the characters encountered. Example: King Bao Dai was "a short, slippery-looking customer rather on the pudgy side and freshly dipped in Crisco."

Those who have read Perelman from **Dawn Ginsberg's Revenge** to **Acres and Pains** (the latter, the story of how Perelman's Bucks county farm tamed him) will welcome **Westward Ha!** As Russel Crouse says: "S. J. Perelman is just about the funniest man alive." Al Hirschfeld, who does the drawings for the Sunday drama section of **The New York Times**, is no tombstone-engraver, either.

Target: People

The Sky Is Red. By Giuseppe Berto. New York: New Directions. 1948. 397 pp. \$3.50.

Parachute flares light up the target—a station, a railway bridge, another bridge, some marshaling yards. Seen from the sky, these things look like children's toys. So do the houses surrounding the target.

Flashes of explosive bombs, luminous bursts of incendiaries appear above the bridge, among the houses. The process begins: destruction, both physical and spiritual, will prevail unto the . . . you name the generation.

Who is the enemy? Lonely men, eager to have done with war and return home. By way of nomenclature, they are American. Not that it is of importance to the four adolescents who figure in **The Sky Is**

Red—inhabitants of the bomb-blasted Italian town, representatives of millions in our time. American or German, the bombs would have had the same effect: Giulia, Carla, Tullio, and Daniele would have arrived at the same end.

Giuseppe Berto is not a chauvinist; he is not an apologist. He does not mention Italy's position in World War II. Nor is he a moralist or philosopher. He points no fingers and draws no conclusions concerning mankind. He deals with war in a single aspect—its results in a small city.

The Sky is Red resembles recent Italian films, "Open City," "Paisan," and "Shoe Shine." It is dramatic, passionate and human. It is realistic. But it suggests no answers. Giuseppe Berto confines himself to stating the awesome question: "Can man survive another war?"

Simplicity and the Good Life

The Big Wave, by Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company, 1947. 61 pp. \$2.00.

This little tale for children eight to twelve, of death and life, of happiness in work and beauty, of courage and acceptance of the inevitable is told with beautiful simplicity and without condescension.

It is about two Japanese boys and their families, one of which lives by farming the rice fields, the other by fishing, and about the tragedy to the fisherfolk that occurs when the big wave comes in from the sea.

The story moves with liveliness through the day to day adventures of the boys, with restrained intens-

ity through the catastrophe and their adjustment to it and to the perpetual menace of the volcano and the sea. Its manner is poetic and pulsing with deep currents of feeling.

It is no mean feat to make intelligible to children the strength and goodness of life in the face of its cruelty and uncertainty. This Pearl Buck has succeeded in doing to a remarkable degree. She adopts the oriental attitude toward familiarizing the child with mature concepts, thus giving continuity to its development, rather than separating child life from adult life as seems to be the western tendency.

The author handles her difficult theme with lightness of touch. Humor is held in abeyance, though there is a hint of it in the drawing of Old Gentleman and gaiety in that of Kino's mischievous little sister.

The book is a thing of beauty both in its telling and in the loveliness of the aptly selected prints by the Japanese artists Hiroshige and Hokusai with which it is illustrated. It is a book to be introduced to the child at a chosen moment, but one for every child to own.

By KATHLEEN AINEY

FORGOTTEN BOOKS

Along with the new books it is worth while, from time to time, to recall forgotten books—either old books or more recent ones which are not well known.

Needless to say, we will not pre-

sume to bring to light unknown masterpieces. This is work for other and more competent critics.

Our object will be to call attention to little known works which, although they may not be classics, still have some interest.

Don't you read a great deal that is second rate? We know that we do. While we read, and read with interest "War and Peace," "Madame Bovary," "The Way of All Flesh," and even "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," still we must confess that an armchair and a good juicy detective story can make us happy.

A great deal of the reading of most of us lies in the vast, middle ground between "War and Peace" and "The Corpse in the Suitcase." The average best-seller and the book-of-the-month club selections, in spite of advertising superlatives, are actually most of them second-rate books.

Admitting that you are interested in reading some books which are of less than transcendent literary significance, some of the best and near best sellers of the past can now be recalled from oblivion.

In our opinion, the second bests of the last century are better books than our own run-of-the-mill novels. Hearing about these forgotten books will give you more to read. And most important, they can be borrowed from your public library while the brand new books, fresh from the press, have to be bought and paid for in solid cash.

By CHARLOTTE PERVY

Beyond Illumination

by

ANDREW JACKSON III

Geschite! the eagle soars evermore.

Catullus died, and Dante spoke.

Urbes armum at que viroque.

The snow slid down, slid down—

Ice formed—the sun died

Prometheus stood on his head.

Shelley yelled. Byron cursed—

Allemand, le naïf Allemand,

Said the French, not excepting Victor Hugo.

"Des Philosophie des als Obs von Vaihinger" and World War II.

Hitler talked to bluebirds.

Eleanor Roosevelt drank a chocolate milk shake.



Upward and Beyond painted by
Lloyd Ney.

From The Studio

NON — OBJECTIVE ART

by

LLOYD R. NEY

Referential painting has been perfected by the old masters of the past, who reflected the spirit of their times. Therefore one trying the referential approach cannot possibly do as well as they.

The accent on abstraction by well known innovators, Picasso, Braque and others, was a great step forward, stimulating to the thinking of other painters, loosening them up a bit and making them conscious of painting relationships, instead of painting things.

It is pretty difficult to paint a better *Guernica* ... Picasso is the end of the wave length in art that deals with our three dimensional world. Beyond that wave length and into the spirit realm of time and space, comes another accent—Non-Objective painting—which is completely divorced from earthly motives and themes, things and literature.

Kandinsky, Rebay and Bauer form the nucleus of that new accent. Their work can be seen at the Guggenheim Museum, the only museum of non-objective painting in the world. A new approach has been opened by them for all paint-

From the Studio

ers and appreciators of painting, and this road of travel will ultimately lead to the goal of a great art that will contribute something to culture.

The fundamental forms (circle, square and triangle), and invented forms are used in organizing concepts related to themes of intent, where space tensions, balance, rhythms, movements, contrasts, vibrations, tempo, cohesion, etc., are painted to give a movement demand on the observer whose pleasure spiritually will be uplifted.

Looking through a keyhole at dusk, one cannot distinguish things in a room. If you open the door and enter the room, you can touch a chair, table, etc., and get a three dimensional experience; however, a higher dimensional experience can be had by contemplating the relationship of the people who live in this room, to their community, state, country and universe. That kind of expansion is the challenge in non-objective painting ... a continuous search for Inner Truth, Beauty and Rhythm.

Non-objective painting, accenting Time and Space, points the way to the art of tomorrow.

Think of our span of life as only a moment in time, and every moment having its perpetual Now. An early concept was that time stood alone and space stood alone; later thinking was of time and space as one, with the six-pointed star symbolizing the perfect union of the three space dimensions and the three

time dimensions; where every point of space includes the whole of time and every moment of time includes the whole of space; where everything is everywhere and always.

Then Ouspensky's theory of time entering space and space entering time. Infinity, rhythms, movements and forces contribute to a state of mind attuned to constructing fundamental forms in an organization; seeking beauty, reality and truth that is related to the unity of the universe and the endlessness of time.

Out of non-objective painting new forms of expression may come on the scene, newer accents may be contributed ... there is no limit! Can anyone challenge the purity of spirit intent? Can anyone not want to paint non-objectivity? How then can anyone descend into the three dimensional world and paint surface aspects of life and nature!

INDUSTRIES IN OLD BUCKS

profits of the catch, and there were always a few men unemployed at the moment in the community who more than welcomed the job.

The convivial spirit of the crews, both at work and after hours in the fish house, was distinctly appealing, as was the opportunity fishing presented to get back into good physical condition after the comparative inactivity of the winter months. A man just felt better, if no longer as keen on a fish dinner, for having done it.

In The Air

by
**EMILY FENIMORE
LYNCH**

Public Service and Bucks County

VOICE: "Good afternoon. On each of our broadcasts so far we have mentioned the need for reservists, both officer and enlisted, to volunteer for extended active duty in order to carry out the Selective Service training programs.

"At the risk of repeating ourselves, we want to emphasize how urgent the need is for additional trained officers and non-commissioned officers to conduct the training program for those who are inducted under the Selective Service program."

Ann: So spoke Sergeant Howard B. Quinley, Assistant Unit Instructor of the 834th Organized Reserve Composite Group with headquarters in Doylestown, on August 25th, during a five-minute summary of current news and information about the organized Reserve Corps of the U. S. Army.

Sergeant Quinley is presented each week as a public service feature by station WBUX in Doylestown.

This program is just one of many now being heard at 1570 on the dial, which include programs produced in cooperation with the **American Red Cross**, the **Bucks County Council of**

the **Boy Scouts of America**, the **Civil Air Patrol**, and the **United States Navy and the Marine Corps**.

Sergeant Quinley went on to emphasize the importance of the reserve officer in the Selective Service training program; and in the same manner, Red Cross officials continually remind us of the position of the individual in emergencies, in danger and in threatened chronic illness. Boy Scout leaders impress upon us at every turn the importance of their work in turning youthful interests into constructive channels and in developing wholesome habits to insure future health and contentment.

Already Bucks Countians have felt an awakened community spirit about their section of the State. They are conscious of the endeavors of interested citizens to maintain historical spots, such as Washington Crossing Park. They are newly aware of the work of the **Pennsylvania Association for the Blind** and the **Bucks County Tuberculosis Society**.

Like so many other latent capacities, those of interest in public welfare need only to be stimulated slightly to become extremely active. Conditions brought to the attention of the listener by a public service broadcast will be in many respects just the inspiration needed to produce great effects.

Then, there is always the moment that the popular jazz record, the semi-classical or classical theme

IN THE AIR

fades to nothing and a voice informs the listener, "**We interrupt this program to bring you an important announcement. A patient now on the operating table at the local hospital desperately needs type B blood. Will anyone who has type B blood call the hospital immediately? We return you now to our original program.**"

And again, listeners will hear a continual reminder on holidays and holiday week-ends, "**Drive carefully. Avoid accidents. Don't 'Jump' traffic lights. Remember someone else might have the same idea.**" Or perhaps, you tuned in to hear, "**Residents of the southeastern area are warned of approaching winds at hurricane velocity.**"

Public Service means time saved, disaster averted, and valuable, pertinent information obtained.

For the public service features on WBUX are designed to fulfill the station's three-fold obligation to its listening audience: One, presenting programs in the public interest, two, presenting programs for the public interest, and, three, presenting programs of public necessity.

If you've been tuning in each Monday afternoon at two you are already very familiar with the series of Red Cross productions entitled, **In Your Name**. Each of these fifteen minute transcribed programs, presents a different aspect of Red Cross work.

There have been special scripts arranged to enlighten the public about Red Cross disaster service, Red Cross services to the families

of servicemen and veterans who are in need of financial or housing assistance.

One of the most important services of the Red Cross is that of presenting citizens with the opportunity to take First Aid and Home Nursing courses. These are only small parts of the very large and intensive scope of Red Cross activities.

Boy Scouts from various troops in Bucks county who were camping at Ockanickon during the Summer, gave round table discussions on their activities, together with several programs of camp sings.

These boys, ranging in age from twelve to eighteen years, showed a lively interest in the material being presented to them and a great enthusiasm for learning new scouting techniques.

Another regularly scheduled feature, "**Wings Over Bucks County**," is a neatly compiled report on Civil Air Patrol activities in this section, and of aviation events in general.

This program has special significance for all air enthusiasts who want to hear from and get in touch with other aviators.

The material itself is comprised of meeting notices and accounts of progression on new plane models and testing methods. From the first whirr of motors and the clipped landing signal—to the last wilco-out—**Wings Over Bucks County** answers a very pressing demand for knowledge in an increasingly more and more air-conscious county.

Programs of local interest, con-
(Continued on Page 39.)

Behind The Typewriters

KATHLEEN AINEY has written the excellent review of Pearl Buck's book for children, **The Big Wave**. Last winter she wrote critical reviews of the art shows in Bucks county and we hope to have her do something of the sort again. At present Kathleen Ainey is vacationing in Simplesage, Vermont, but she will return to Bucks county to spend the winter.

AL AUSTIN is the author of **The Compact**, our short story for this month. He was stationed in England during the war and has drawn upon his experience there for his setting. Vital statistics: he smokes a pipe, is married, lives in Yardley, Pa., and is going to Ryder College under the G. I. Bill. Al Austin is of those rara avis—practically a native of New Hope—having gone to school there and lived in the town until this summer.

JEAN DA COSTA has done another excellent article for us, this time a profile on Clarence Carter. Checking through back issues of the magazine when we were still **The Bucks County Informer**, we find that she has interviewed George Sotter, the stained glass artist; John Folinsbee, the well known portrait painter; Harold Bowler, landscape artist, and Charles Hargens, illustrator. In addition Jean Da Costa has from time to time, written delightful sketches of Bucks county.

GUY DUMEGETE has written the excellent travel article, **Bucks County In the Fall**, which appears in this

issue. It should make you want to go sightseeing in Bucks.

BERNARD IKELER, who has reviewed Perelman's book and who conducts the column **New Books**, has just been published in the **Christian Advocate** under the title **Windows to Peace**. He also has charge of the publicity for the New Hope-Solebury High School.

ANDREW JACKSON III is the pen name of a very modest poet whose ghost still haunts the brick-lined pavements of Mechanic street in New Hope. Readers of Rimbaud will understand the title.

BETTY LIPMAN has done another old Bucks county industry—this time shad fisheries. It is hard, now, to think of shad as an industry since there are so few of them in the Delaware River. But at one time, as you will learn from Betty Lipman's article, they meant money, and a great deal of it, to this area.

EMILY FENIMORE LYNCH is a member of the staff of WBUX and knows intimately of what she writes in the column **In The Air**. She graduated in June from the Women's College of the University of Virginia, where she worked on the college radio station and helped edit the college magazine. At WBUX she serves as receptionist, announcer, record toter, circulation manager, billing clerk, errand girl, and does all the other hundred and one jobs that a small station requires.

(Continued on Page 41.)

Bucks County In The Fall

by

GUY DUMEGETE

WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE

Now that the leaf-burning season is here and multi-colored trees line the streets and highways, it's time to get in the family car, and, in the glorious wine-spiced weather, go exploring the county that God would visit if Heaven should be temporarily closed for alterations.



Looking up the Delaware. New Hope tucked into left bank—Lambertville on the right—by George Bailey.

The place to begin your Autumn jaunt is Bowman's Tower. From this vantage point, crazy quilted expanses of fields and trees—yellow, red, brown, purple—roll away in undulating waves toward the river that winds its casual way below.

As you stand atop the tower, you can count the bridges up and down the Delaware, and look down upon New Hope, Lambertville and Washington's Crossing. The whole panorama of the Jersey hills is spread out before you. You can see for miles in every direction. Take your camera—you will find much photogenic scenery.

Having seen the Delaware from a

distance, try a close-up view. A ride, either up or down River Road, is a source of intangible satisfaction in the Fall. Just the sight of trees in their brilliant colors under the cobalt skies of late September or October, is an experience that will remain in your memory for a lifetime.

Photograph the motor boats rushing up and down the river, making hair-pin turns and riding the waves with bows lifted above the water. Or snap the sail boats lazily tacking in the breeze, drifting silently downstream, turning slowly in a graceful ballet. Or a canoe, that most fickle craft, knifing upstream.

(Continued on page 42).



The Thompson-Neely House at Washington Crossing Park—by George Bailey.



Two sightseers rest on the stone bridge at Washington Crossing Park—by George Bailey.



A Fall outing on River Road—by George Bailey.

Park your car—ramble afoot. Walk along the tow path. The canal is especially beautiful in the Fall. Where the bed is empty, flowers and grass act as camouflage. Where it is filled, vivid trees bend low over the water and chromatic leaves float on the surface. Birds and insects exchange comments on the coming frost.

If you want to get away from the hubbub and commercialism of daily existence, you're a fit volunteer for a stroll along the tow path.

But if ride you must—if too much back-to-nature gives you blisters—any Bucks county road can give you a delightful hour or so. Strike off, for instance, toward Jericho Mountain, another vantage point from

which you may enjoy the ever-same, ever-changing tapestry of Fall.

Like most Bucks county beauty spots, Jericho Mountain is heir to a piquant history. Jerimiah Cooper, back in the time of the Revolution, bought three acres of land on the mountain and built a house. To protect the house he put up a stone wall—his idea of the wall that surrounded Biblical Jericho. For further information on a county with a past, stop at the nearest library or book store.

But "words to the heat of deeds" and travel-talks to the love of sight-seeing something something something something. So, go out and see Bucks county for yourself. Autumn

(Continued on Page 42.)



Lumberville—where the canal and the Delaware nearly meet in Fall and sometimes do in Spring—by George Bailey.

A Bucks County First—In the History of Bucks County

by

CATHERINE NORTON

So far as we know, no white man touched the Delaware's wooded shores until 1609, when Hendrick Hudson, representing the Dutch East India Company, sailed some distance up the river in search of a passage to the Far East.

He left no settlement nor any mark to note his passing, and we can only wonder whether he came as far north as Bucks county. History does not shed any light on the matter.

A few years later, in 1616, three Dutch traders left Fort Nassau (now Albany, N. Y.) and set out across the country for the headwaters of the Delaware. They came down the river as far as the Schuylkill, where they were captured by Indians.

They were the first white men to traverse Bucks county, and it is unfortunate that they left no diary or record of their journey.

Early in 1624, a small band of French Walloons left Holland in a ship of the Dutch West India Company for the new world to establish a trading post for the company. On a bright Spring day, they sailed up the broad, blue waters of the Delaware to a point just below the Falls and dropped anchor, putting ashore

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BUCKS COUNTY HISTORY

on an island near the west side of the river.

Here they built a trading post and cabins for the three or four families that were to remain. Life could have been no bed of roses for these sturdy pioneers. No doubt, as in the pictures of Washington crossing the Delaware, the river was filled with cakes of floating ice in Winter, and flooded their lands in the Spring. In Summer, the marshes along the banks were a breeding ground for mosquitoes.

New Amsterdam wasn't founded until two years later, and the nearest shops of any size were in Europe, weeks and weeks away. They had to rely largely on native plants and game for food, and it is quite likely that the men hunted on the mainland with the friendly Indians, who traded at the post.

With living conditions what they were, it is certain that some died, but if there was ever a graveyard on the island, it has since been washed away, as has most of the island itself. Apparently, the trading post was quite successful, yet the Walloons gave it up, and in 1627, set sail again for Amsterdam. That the venture was a success is proved by the establishment of a similar post, not far away, some four years later.

Most of the above is pure conjecture, for neither the Walloons

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BUCKS COUNTY HISTORY

nor the Dutch West India Company left much information concerning the settlement. That it did exist, and was the very first white settlement on Bucks county terrain, is proven beyond all doubt in a deposition made in March, 1685, before Governor Dongan, of New York, by a man named Peter Lawrensen.

He stated that he came into that province as a servant of the West India Company in 1628, and that in 1631, he, together with seven others, were sent to Delaware, where the company had a trading house, with ten or twelve servants attached to it, and that he saw them settled there.

He stated further that he also saw the place on the island near the Falls and close to the west bank of the river, where the company had maintained a trading house three or four years earlier, and that three or four families of Walloons had settled there, but had left.

This island, called "Vurhulsten Island" by the Dutch, in honor of William Vurhulst, director of New Netherlands, is undoubtedly the one near Morrisville referred to by Gabriel Thomas as "Stacie's Island" some sixty years later.

It was a short distance below Trenton Falls, called Falls of Asin-

pink by the Swedes, who arrived on the river in 1638. By the latter part of the 19th century, all that remained of this earliest settlement, was about 75 acres of sandbar.

Irvin L. MacNair

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The Canal House

New Hope, Pa.

A Country Hotel - Bar - Dining Room. Hey - you hunters - welcome. Let's suppose you've had a crisp Autumn day chasing the bee jeppers out of a rabbit or a deer and about now you'd like to get on the outside of a rabbit stew, or a venison steak. Or maybe some terrapin washed down with a steaming hot toddy. Man, wouldn't that be living? Well we'd like to tell you right now Mr. Nimrod, all this and more can be had at the Canal House on Mechanic Street in New Hope.

Be Seeing you



CREDITS

GEORGE BAILEY, whose photographs of the surrounding countryside, appear on the cover of **Bucks County** and also in the article **Bucks County In the Fall**, is not new to the magazine either. His sharply delineated photographs have appeared on several covers. George Bailey lives in Lambertville on the street where the ferry used to tie up when the town was known as Coryell's Landing back in the time of the Revolution.

All of the photographs are 35 mm. color transparencies transferred to black and white.

CLARENCE CARTER has been most helpful in loaning us the photographs of himself and of his paintings for our article **Step Up and Meet**.

JEAN HUME, who has a studio in Philadelphia, has assisted in the layout work and designed several of the headings for various departments in the magazine, including **New Books** and **Cover to Cover**.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM LEWIS, who has an extensive file of photographs on the Shad Fisheries, has loaned us two of the photographs to use with Betty Lipman's article **Industries In Old Bucks**.

CHARLOTTE STRYKER PERVY has done the illustration of clothing worn a hundred years ago, which accompanies her article **Hoops and Hairdos**.

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CREDITS

TONY PETERS, who took the shot of Ney's Non-objective painting, is moving into the Christ House on Shop Row, otherwise known as Mechanic street. There he will, strangely enough, open a photography shop. Tony Peters formerly lived in Center Bridge.

IN THE AIR

ducted by individuals and organizations in the coverage area of the WBUX radio station are its life. The growth and expansion of the station depends upon the cooperation with local organizations. For this reason, a small station relies greatly on its public service features to improve and uphold its standards of broadcasting.

STEP UP AND MEET

has given this artist a top place among today's creative painters. It is not the accident of mode or method that determines an artist's appeal; it is what he has to say. "I Paint As I Please" is the title Mr. Carter gave to an article of his that appeared in the **Magazine of Art** in 1945. He paints as he pleases, believing that if he dare express his own individual point of view, it will come out in whatever medium he uses.

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WBUX DAILY PROGRAM GUIDE

TUESDAY

6:45 Sign On
6:46 Weather Report
6:47 Record Ranch
6:55 World News
7:00 Reveille Rendezvous
7:55 Local News
8:00 Reveille Rendezvous
8:30 World News
8:45 Program Preview
8:55 Local News
9:00 Memorable Music
9:15 Morning Devotions
9:30 Morning Musicale
9:55 Side Show
10:00 Fred Waring
10:15 This Day in History
10:30 Church in the Wildwood
10:55 Local News
11:00 Waltz Lives On
11:15 Golden Gate Quartet
11:30 Music of Manhattan
12:00 Farm Show
12:15 Bux-Mont Sports Page
12:30 Local News
12:35 Farm Fair
12:45 Farm Show
1:00 Xavier Cugat
1:15 World News
1:30 Symphony of Melody
1:55 Local News
2:00 Harmony Lane
2:15 Listen Ladies
2:30 Afternoon Concert
3:00 Rhythm at Random Pt. 1
3:30 Rhythm at Random Pt. 2
3:55 World News
4:00 Marty Green
4:15 Pat Suder
4:30 Weather Report
4:31 Sunset Serenade
4:40 Local News
4:45 Sign Off

WEDNESDAY

6:45 Sign On
6:46 Weather Report

6:47 Record Ranch
6:55 World News
7:00 Reveille Rendezvous
7:55 Local News
8:00 Reveille Rendezvous
8:30 Gospel Fellowship
9:00 Memorable Music
9:15 Morning Devotions
9:30 Morning Musicale
9:55 Side Show
10:00 Fred Waring
10:15 This Day in History
10:30 Church in the Wildwood
10:55 Local News
11:00 Waltz Lives On
11:15 Golden Gate Quartet
11:30 Music of Manhattan
12:00 Eddie Arnold
12:15 Bux-Mont Sports Page
12:30 Local News
12:35 Farm Fair
12:45 Farm Show
1:00 Inside Story
1:15 World News
1:30 Symphony of Melody
1:55 Local News
2:00 Boy Scouts
2:15 Listen Ladies
2:30 Afternoon Concert
3:00 Rhythm at Random Pt. 1
3:30 Rhythm at Random Pt. 2
3:55 World News
4:00 Kiddies Korner
4:15 Sunset Serenade
4:30 Weather Report
4:31 Sunset Serenade (Cont'd)
4:40 Local News
4:45 Sign Off

THURSDAY

6:45 Sign On
6:46 Weather Report
6:47 Record Ranch
6:55 World News
7:00 Reveille Rendezvous
7:55 Local News
8:00 Reveille Rendezvous
8:30 World News
8:45 Program Preview
8:55 Local News
9:00 Memorable Music
9:15 Morning Devotions
9:30 Morning Musicale

BEHIND THE TYPEWRITERS

LLOYD R. NEY, who has written about his ideas on Non-objective art under **From the Studio**, is known all over New Hope and Bucks county as "Bill." He has frequent shows at the Coffee Shop, and the Guggenheim Museum of Modern Art owns several of his non-objective paintings. "Bill" used to have a studio in the Pickett house, where Paul Fliegel, who once did some sketches for the magazine, hangs his hat. There "Bill" was entirely too accessible to tourists looking for artists. Now he has a studio across the river in Lambertville, N. J., and commutes over the perpetually unfinished bridge.

CATHERINE NORTON has written the article on Bucks county history. This is not the first article she has written for the magazine, having written dog profiles and historical sketches for **The Bucks County Informer** when it was owned and edited by Mitchell Hodges. Catherine Norton lives in Newtown, and so is another resident of Bucks county.

CHARLOTTE STRYKER PERVY again has an article in the series **Museum Ramblings**, this time on clothes that were worn in the younger days of the country. She also begins a series called **Forgotten Books**, which will be published, we hope not too incongruously, under the department **New Books**. After all, a book that has never been read by you will be new.

9:55 Side Show
10:00 Fred Waring
10:15 This Day in History
10:30 Church in the Wildwood
10:55 Local News
11:00 Waltz Lives On
11:15 Golden Gate Quartet
11:30 Music of Manhattan
12:00 Farm Show
12:15 Bux-Mont Sports Page
12:30 Local News
12:35 Farm Fair
12:45 Farm Show
1:00 Xavier Cugat
1:15 World News
1:30 Symphony of Melody
1:55 Local News
2:00 Harmony Lane
2:15 Listen Ladies
2:30 Afternoon Concert
3:00 Rhythm at Random Pt. 1
3:30 Rhythm at Random Pt. 2
3:55 World News
4:00 Music Hall Varieties
4:15 Pro Bono Publico
4:30 Weather Report
4:31 Sunset Serenade
4:40 Local News
4:45 Sign Off

FRIDAY

6:45 Sign On
6:46 Weather Report
6:47 Record Ranch
6:55 World News
7:00 Reveille Rendezvous
7:55 Local News
8:00 Reveille Rendezvous
8:30 World News Summary
8:45 Program Preview
8:55 Local News
9:00 Memorable Music
9:15 Morning Devotions
9:30 Morning Musicale
9:55 Side Show
10:00 Fred Waring
10:15 This Day in History
10:30 Church in the Wildwood
10:55 Local News
11:00 Waltz Lives On
11:15 Golden Gate Quartet
11:30 Music of Manhattan

(Continued on Page 42.)

WBUX DAILY RADIO GUIDE

12:00 Eddie Arnold
12:15 Bux-Mont Sports Page
12:30 Local News
12:35 Farm Fair
12:45 Farm Show
1:00 Inside Story
1:15 World News
1:30 Symphony of Melody
1:35 Local News
2:00 Marine Reserve
2:15 Listen Ladies
2:30 Afternoon Concert
2:00 Rhythm at Random Pt. 1
2:30 Rhythm at Random Pt. 2
2:55 World News
4:00 Kiddies Korner
4:15 Sunset Serenade
4:30 Weather Report
4:31 Sunset Serenade (Cont'd)
4:40 Local News
4:45 Sign Off

SATURDAY

6:45 Sign On
6:46 Weather Report
6:47 Record Ranch
6:55 World News
7:00 Revellie Rendezvous
7:55 Local News
8:00 Revellie Rendezvous
8:15 Talent Time
8:30 Collector's Corner
9:00 Youth for Christ
9:15 Morning Devotions
9:30 Grace and Truth Hour
9:55 World News
10:00 Pennsylvania Playboys
10:15 F. F. A. or F. H. A.
10:30 300 Market
10:45 Riley Sisters
10:55 Local News
11:00 High School Show
11:30 World News
11:45 Ertman Sisters
12:00 Local News
12:05 Farm Show
12:15 Bux-Mont Sports Page
12:30 Listen to Leibert
1:00 Friendly Inspiration and Cheer
1:30 Emil Klinger
1:45 Football Music

1:55 Football Game
2:00 Music Hall Varieties
2:30 The Jesters
2:45 A-Z in Novelty
3:00 Rhythm at Random
3:55 Local News
4:00 Sunset Serenade
4:30 Weather Report
4:31 Sunset Serenade (Cont'd)
4:45 Sign Off

SUNDAY

5:00 Sign On
8:00 Morning Musical
8:30 Church in the Wildwood
9:00 Christian Brotherhood
9:30 Singing Strings
10:00 Man Behind the Melody
10:15 Navy Band
10:30 Allen Roth Chorus
11:00 Baptist Church
12:00 World News
12:15 Music in March Time
12:30 Rev. Rosenberger
1:00 Church of the Brethren
1:30 Salon Concert
2:00 Piano Duo
2:30 Home in the Country
3:00 Memory Lane
3:30 Gospel Fellowship
4:00 Mercer MacLeod
4:15 Milson Hughes
4:30 Sunset Serenade
4:45 Sign Off

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December, 1948

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